REVELATIONS ABOUT OUR GREAT MEN.

A Journal Woman Finds Out How They Treat a Poor Girl Who Asks for Help.

How would the great, wealthy and influential New York philanthropists and public men receive and treat a girl who came to them for advice and assistance?

Would they really show respect toward and confidence in a poor girl, and would they live up to their reputations?

In the guise of a poor, friendless orphan, searching for and in need of a position of any kind, I called on my first solicited benefactor, Mr. Chauncey M. Depew.

After giving the grinning negro my card, I waited ten minutes, and then a man who said he was the secretary appeared. He was a meek looking personage, and I wasn't at all awe-stricken by his assumed grandeur.

"Tell Mr. Depew I will detain him but a moment, and—that he will be extremely glad he saw me."

The meek little man grinned again and withdrew. In a few minutes I was before Mr. Depew. It was a sumptuous apartment—soft carpets, dim lights, magnificent pictures in priceless frames. Mr. Depew sat at a pretentious looking desk in the centre of the room.

Now, to tell the truth, I had previously planned a very elaborate little speech. I had said it over a hundred times—more or less—while I had been waiting without. But now, all of a sudden, I had forgotten the whole thing. I became stage-struck, and I had no one to give me my cue.

"Well," said Mr. Depew, somewhat impatiently, as I sat glued to the chair, as stolc and immovable as an Egyptian mummy.

Then I knew I must say something. "I'm a stranger in the city," I began in a quivering, little, consumptive voice. "I came here with the idea of getting work of any kind—I don't care what. I find I have undertaken a very difficult task. I am greatly limited as to friends and money. Will you help me? I know you are good and benevolent. I have read of your goodness in the newspapers. Please help me." I finished with a little sob of entreaty.

A CHARACTER STUDY.

Mr. Depew pushed aside the mail he had been glancing at, leaned back in his comfortable chair and condescended to allow his eyes to rest upon my forlorn figure. He began with my shoes and ended at the tips of the quills on my hat.

"Well," he said at length, "I am sure I don't see how I can help you. I am not in a position to help young women. Where do you come from?"

"My home is New Hampshire," I answered.

"New Hampshire!" he exclaimed, almost aghast; "New Hampshire! and you came away here to get work?"

Had I said I emanated from the South Sea Islands he would not have appeared more incredulous.

"What on earth ever prompted you to come to New York? Why didn't you get work at home? Have you no parents? No, of course, you have not, or they would never have allowed you to come here alone."

He paused, and again he looked steadily at me.

"No," I said, "I have no home and no parents. I am without friends and almost without money. I could get no work at home. It is a small country town, where no facilities for employment of any kind are found. I came to New York because I fancied it a good field for a strong, healthy young girl who is willing to work at anything honorable. But I know now one has to have city references, and city experiences, and, above all, wealthy, influential friends to obtain any kind of a lucrative position. Oh, I do wish you would help me! What shall I do if you don't?"

"My dear girl," began Mr. Depew. His face was all kindness, and I fancied he felt a bit—just a tiny bit—sorry for me. "I would be glad to help you if I could; but what can I do? I know of no positions such as you would wish. Here in the building there are a few women employed, I believe, but there are really no vacancies now. If you were a man, possibly I could help you."

A WOMAN, BUT COULDN'T HELP IT.

"But I am not a man, more's the pity," I said, with real earnestness. "I am but a poor unfortunate woman. You are rich and influential and very eminent. Even one tiny word from you would work magic, wonders. I must get a position of some kind. I'll—I'll starve, if I don't," and with this I commenced a search for my handkerchief.

"I want to get rich and celebrated like you are, and then when my poor people come to me soliciting aid I'll help every one of them," I finished.

Mr. Depew laughed outright. "My little girl, you are very young yet. If I am not mistaken you are not over nineteen or twenty. You are very pretty and you might as well jump into the ocean as to come here to New York to get work. Take my advice and go back to your native town.

"Then you wont help me?" I said, as I arose slowly to go.

"I cannot. I wish I could. I would if I could."

I felt greatly disappointed, but it was too early to be discouraged yet. So I next went down in the slums to the Police Headquarters at No. 300 Mulberry street.

LOOKED FATE IN THE FACE.

I went up in a rickety old elevator to the third floor, and opened a big door in the front upon which was printed in bold, black letters, Theodore Roosevelt.

I found myself in a bare, cheerless apartment, with a single desk and files of newspapers. A blue-coated, brass-buttoned individual informed me I would have to wait. So I sat down on a hard chair, and from where I was seated I could see into Roosevelt's office. He was dictating to his stenographer, and as he walked around and around the room, walking faster than he talked, he looked for all the world like one of the uneasy tigers out at the Park patrolling his cage.

It made me extremely dizzy and nervous to watch him, so I looked in another direction, until finally he called my name.

I went toward the door and he met me just at the entrance. I guess he was afraid to let me go in and sit down, for fear I might steal something or do something equally dreadful.

"What do you want?" he roared in a voice that would make even the most courageous person's hair stand vertically erect.

I tried not to be frightened, for I realized he had continual interviews with criminals and villains in general, so I forgave him for treating me as he would a depraved character.

I still stood on the threshold. He was just inside, guarding my entrance. Then I explained my motive in coming in as few words as I could.

Instantly his magnified eyes became ablaze with displeasure and annoyance. He opened his mouth and then, for the first time, I began to actually quake with real alarm. I venture to say there is not an animal at the Zoo with fangs so sharp and deadly to gaze upon.

I trembled, for he looked as if he intended to bite off my head and chew me up.

ALL THE INSTINCTS OF A GENTLEMAN.

"You people seem to think this place is an employment bureau. Do you fancy I have nothing to do but hunt up work for people to do? Go to an agency. I can't bother with you. I have no time for such things. Good day."

He turned his back upon me, and I marched out feeling very much as I fancy a mouse feels after it has been squelched by a hungry cat.

The tears almost came to my eyes. Never in my life had I had a man speak to me in such a way. As I walked up Mulberry street I thanked God in my heart that I had a home; that I was not the homeless wanderer I was impersonating. I pitied as I had never pitied before all the poor unfortunates who ever hoped or prayed for succor or redress from the man with the canine teeth at No. 300 Mulberry street.

The next office I went to was that of Russell Sage. The door was securely locked and no one ventured to let me in, although I plainly saw shadows through the ground glass door. I went to the office adjoining and an old man informed me it would be impossible to disturb Mr. Sage.

I pleaded for about a half hour, but the old fellow was obdurate. He wouldn't even take in my card. Perhaps he fancied it contained dynamite.

Again I was heartily glad I was only acting the part of an understudy.

Then I went to Thirty-fifth street. Now I will surely be helped, I thought, as I rang the bell of the only Parkhurst, the eloquent reformer.

I was shown into a cozily arranged reception room. It was dimly lighted, but I observed the furnishings were rather of comfort than elegance.

I repeated my story. By this time I had learned it by heart.

A MAN WITH MANNERS.

"Where are you stopping?" asked Dr. Parkhurst, as he leaned back in his chair and clasped his hands before him. "Have you a good, safe place?"

I assured him I had, and he continued: "I am very sorry, but I really know of no vacancy just now. I have hundreds of applicants, but I am seldom able to find them employment. It is an extremely inopportune time for persons to seek empolyment. Times are very hard. Hundreds are out of work."

"Then you are not very successful in obtaining positions, as a rule. I have read a great deal concerning you in the papers. That is why I ventured to solicit your aid. Do please take pity on me and help me.

"What can you do?" he asked.

"Oh, a little of everything," I answered, with some show of pride.

"Only a little of everything. Then you are not truly proficient in any one thing. That is very unfortunate. Now, were I in your place I should go home and learn to do some one thing well."

"But my time is money. I cannot afford to do anything of that kind. Were you in my case, what would you study to become? What do you consider the best thing for a girl who has her own living to provide to become?"

Dr. Parkhurst thought a second. Oh, a typewriter or stenographer, I think. There is always employment for an expert in that line."

NO HOPE FOR THE IDLE ONES.

"So if I were an expert stenographer and typewriter you could get me a position."

"No, I could not. I cannot get you a position of any kind. Why, I have been trying for several months to get my own cousin a position and I cannot."

Dr. Parkhurst was impatient to have me go. But I nevertheless continued in a pleading voice:

"Then what is to become of me? What am I to do? To whom am I to apply for aid? Suppose you were in my place, what would you do?" I asked.

"I think you had better go to the Y. W. C. A.," he said, as he arose from his chair. "They may be able to help you."

Next I went to Bishop Potter's. It was the same old story. "I have no time to help you. Why do you not apply at some employment bureau. Things in New York run in certain grooves. You might apply to a teachers' agency, a governess agency or something of that sort."

"Then perhaps you think it advisable to answer advertisements in the daily papers. Do you think I could get work that way?" I asked.

"Oh, no. That is very dangerous. By no means do anything of that kind. Go to an agency—or, better still, to the Y. W. C. A. You have credentials, of course. I think you will have no trouble in getting a position."

USED TO HELP PEOPLE.

"Then you never helped any one obtain work?" I asked.

"Oh, yes, when I was at Grace Church I did, but now—I am too busy."

I arose to go. I wasn't going to get help from the Bishop, that was evident. "Don't you ever pity girls like me?" I asked.

"A young girl like you—a girl who is bright and pretty"—the Bishop began, but I interrupted him.

"Pardon, but I did not come here to be flattered. Good morning," and I stalked out. Think how positively rude I was, and to the Bishop, too; but I didn't feel one bit remorseful.

I was discouraged. I had only one more man to visit. It was Mayor Strong. I was sure of a rebuff. Nevertheless I presented my little impromptu pasteboard bravely at the City Hall. There were several persons waiting to see the Mayor ahead of me. So I had to wait a long, long time. The room was very warm, and I almost went to sleep.

I know very well I must have had an expression like a cat when drowning. I am sure I felt like one.

The Mayor was very kind and gracious to me. He listened to my story. He actually took my name and address, and said he'd see what he could do for me. I went out feeling very happy, indeed. I had found one man in the whole big city who would listen to the story of an outcast, who even among the multitudinous duties of his high office, offered to help a poor, homeless girl.

E. M. J.

A PHOTOGRAPH OF TWO GHOSTS.

DOGS IN TROUSERS.

Nowadays Both French and American Canines Are Howling Swells.

The gorgeous trappings of the modern pet dog are a significant sign of this fin-de-siecle age. Nowadays there are dog tailors in Paris, who dress the little canine darlings in made-to-measure clothes, and here in New York the makers of dog wardrobes and other accessories of the favorite animal of the rich have a lively trade. Things in dogdom have even reached the point where there are new Spring styles of clothing and harness.

Ten years ago dealers carried in stock a few ordinary dog collars, made of plain calfskin, the strong point of which was their durability. No adornment of any kind was placed upon these straps. They were manufactured by harness makers, who made them from small strips of waste leather. This was about the extent of the dog wardrobe of that day. Several years later imported collars made their appearance in the dealers' windows and showcases. These were gotten up very cheaply and sold at moderate prices.

This year a downtown firm is making a really magnificent display of goods of this sort. Robes and blankets, instead of being made of the old, plain blanket cloths, are now made of rawhide and buckskin, plentifully spangled with ornaments of gold, silver and aluminum bronze. A few blankets are made of black rawhide, on which beautiful designs have been painted by hand in oil. These are very expensive, however, and are not kept in stock, but this firm has supplied twenty-five of these "sandwich" oil paintings.

Another pretty blanket or cloak is one made of rubber cloth, lined with lambs' wool. The straps which pass under the dog's body and are used for the purpose of securing the blanket are profusely decorated with sterling silver ornaments of a pretty design. A few ordinary woollen blankets will be made up this year, but these will differ from those of last year in that they are handsomely embroidered.

Last year collars and harness were made from several kinds of leather, with brass and nickel ornaments. This Spring a decided change will be made in the material, ornaments and shape in which they are made. Instead of using brass and nickel plate the decorations will be of sterling silver, German silver, aluminum bronze and aluminum. A few complete harnesses and collars will be made with ornaments of gems set in sterling silver, but these, like the hand-painted blankets, will not be kept in stock, but can be supplied when ordered.

Heretofore the pretty owners of pet poodles and pugs have been unable to comb their pets hair without endangering the cleanliness of their hands. This difficulty has been removed by an aluminum comb with a moderately long handle.

There are many excellent humans to-day who might positively envy the pampered little pets of Paris who are catered to by the dog tailors of the Palais Royal.

The tailors who devote their time exclusively to this class of work find that it pays immensely. The aristocratic population of the French capital whose fad is dogs are lavish in their expenditures for wearing apparel for their pets.

These spoiled and cossetted little animals have quite a wardrobe; a toilette de reception, in which to be presented to the friends of the mistress; coche-poussiere to wear at Longchamps, plaids for the train and tweeds for the seacost, with pockets for their railroad tickets, their mouchoir and a little silver-backed brush.

The costumes are not blankets, but clothes consisting of trousers, coats and vests. Two distinguished canines have been seen riding on the boulevards wearing, in addition to their tailor-made garments, white shirts and collars. But this is an exception. An undergarment of some woollen material, if it be dark in color, or silk, if the color be white, serves to hide from public gaze the hairy coat which nature gives to beasts.

And there are children in Paris crying for bread.

PHOTOS OF SPOOKS.

Snap Shots Taken of Spirits Who Have Ventured Back to Earthly Scenes.

Spirit photographs are the latest fad in the esoteric-theosophical-hypnotic world of London, which include the people who believe more or less in what is called Spiritualism, and whose domain has been aptly called Borderland. This term has been adopted by W. T. Stead as the name for his new magazine, which deals exclusively with occult things.

Mr. Stead has reproduced some of these spirit photographs. They purport to be photographs of people now residing in the other world, taken upon their return to earth. "Ghost pictures" they have been called.

If you can see a ghost, of course you can photograph one. No authentic photograph of a ghost has yet been produced.

These new pictures of spirits are the nearest that science has come to catching the appearance of these diaphanous bodies upon the occasion of their transitory returns to earth. Here is what Mr. Stead says:

"In my experiments with Mr. Z. I have obtained psychic figures on marked plates under conditions which only failed in one or two particulars of these drastic conditions. I have got forms on plates which I bought marked, which I had placed myself in the slide, which I exposed, and which I developed, or watched Mr. Z. develop, but the photograph was taken in his own studio, or on the one occasion when it was taken elsewhere Mr. Z. used his own plates."

More remarkable than this was the experience of a gentleman recently returned to England from the Cape. He had recently lost two daughters.

He went to a medium in London, who was a perfect stranger to him, and told him about his loss. The medium said he could see two shadowy forms about the person of his visitor and that he would take pictures of them and send them by mail in a few days.

In the course of time a package arrived containing several photographs. These were ghost pictures.

Three of them showed female forms that were entirely strange to the gentleman from the Cape. The other two, however, he instantly recognized as pictures of his daughters lately dead.

SOME OF THE THINGS THAT MAKE UP A FASHIONABLE DOG'S WARDROBE.

EVERY DAY LIFE OF A CABLE CAR CONDUCTOR.

A Journal Reporter's Interesting Experience Collecting Fares for the Broadway Company

I have been a car conductor for the Metropolitan Traction Company. For four days I yanked the strap and collected fares, and I was called a "big chump" by men and an "awful nasty man" by indignant women. And I have had my feet trampled in the crush so that I am wearing pneumatic-soled shoes.

I have seen staid business men wax indignant over fancied grievances of the most trifling sort; women have declared I was dishonest and didn't give them any change; I have seen the New York hog, he of the human variety, push and squeeze himself into a comfortable position against tired mothers and worn-out shop girls, and I have seen him stealthily wriggle himself into the only vacant seat right under the nose of a woman with a baby in her arms.

You can study human nature on its meaner side from the rear end of a Broadway cable car better than anywhere else. The drawing-room dude forgets his fine manners there; the woman of fashion betrays her inborn selfishness there, and the man who lives only to kick finds an easy vent for his spleen the instant he comes aboard. And it is my observation that of all the people of all classes who ride those who are the common people, so-called, the poor clerks, the working women, the shop girls and the day laborer, have the most consideration for the conductor and let him run his car as he sees fit.

I enlisted as a conductor in order to prove that conductors are, as a class, undeservingly abused by the public, and in order to call public attention to this fact in the hope of securing future immunity for the knights of the bell strap.

Early one morning I applied for work as conductor at the stables of the Metropolitan Traction Company at Fiftieth street and Seventh avenue. A number of men were standing about the halls on the second floor of the building waiting for the application clerk.

The third day after my application was handed in I received a letter from Assistant Superintendent J. J. Cahill, asking me to report to the application clerk. He compared my appearance with the description in the application, and, finding it all right, I was engaged.

THE COMPANY RULES.

No bond was required against dishonesty or error in ringing up fares, but I was obliged to pay $11.25 for a uniform, $1 for a uniform cap, and give a deposit of $2 for the badge and buttons which I received.

Book No. 5,405 of Rules and Regulations was handed me, for which I gave a receipt. Every conductor and gripman is supposed to master the contents of this book. It contains the location of all the signal boxes, of the telephone calls of all the offices, of the railroad depots, ferries, and steamship companies in New York and vicinity, besides a list of the hotels, hospitals, places of amusement, public buildings and office buildings.

The book also contained eighty-six articles of rules which were signed by President H. H. Vreeland, some of which will be interesting to the reader.

For instance, Articles No. 4 and 5 are as follows: "A hearing by the Superintendent awaits every employe who has any grievance to make, and reports or suggestions for the betterment of the service will always receive consideration.

"Every employe is considered in the line of promotion, and intelligent, faithful and careful service will be considered when there are vacancies in higher positions."

Article 8 states that the cars of the company are run for the accommodation of the public, and No. 9 instructs the employes in big, black-faced type to "be polite and considerate in all intercourse with passengers and other employes." Drinking intoxicants or entering any drinking place during hours of duty is cause for dismissal.

No. 11 declares that the company desires that its roads shall be run properly. It reads as follows:

11. THE SAFETY OF PASSENGERS IS THE FIRST CONSIDERATION. All employes are required to EXERCISE CONSTANT CARE TO PREVENT INJURY to persons or property, and IN ALL CASES OF DOUBT TO TAKE THE SAFE SIDE. The utmost care must be used to AVOID ACCIDENTS, which mean expense in lawsuits and damages.

Employes are instructed under no circumstances to give any information regarding any accident or blockade, except to officers of the company.

The woman who loves dogs will be interested in knowing that the book of instructions discloses the fact that small dogs in arms are allowed on the cars of the company.

Another interesting rule is that after a man with a "jag" has paid his fare he cannot be put off a car, provided, of course, he conducts himself in a fairly respectable manner.

WHAT THE COMPANY EXPECTS.

When I was appointed a conductor I was instructed by Assistant Superintendent J. J. Cahill, who talked to me regarding my duties. He said the company was glad to have me with it, and that he hoped I would prove a valuable man; in which case the fact would be appreciated.

"We will use you well, Mr. Green," said he, "if you treat us well. We don't want you to drink, and we want you to be honest, and I think you will be. You will hear stories every day of certain conductors who 'knock down' $2 or $3 a day, but you must not believe these yarns. Under our system of self-protection it is utterly impossible for a conductor to make any more than his wages without being detected and discharged. We wish to be on friendly terms with our men.

"If you are faithful, you are assured of a place as long as you wish it, and if you are with us a year from now you will be paid $2.25, instead of $2 a day.

"Especially let me impress upon you the necessity of being polite and considerate to patrons. We wish to have our line and our employes popular with the public. Many passengers are unreasonable and cranky, but I hope you will be as patient as possible."

I was next turned over to an inspector, named Smith, who "broke me in." Mr. Smith was an intelligent and genial man, and as he had risen from the ranks he was an excellent instructor.

"BREAKING IN."

Four days were passed in "breaking in"—two days on the Lexington avenue line and two days on the Broadway line.

Most of the men are paid by the trip, except the men who have been some months with the company, and those who have been employed one year, and are getting $2.25 a day. These men get the same wages, regardless of the number of trips they run, and they are supposed to work twelve hours a day. The men quit work at night at the same hour they begin work in the morning; and "trippers" work under a similar arrangement of working hours.

The first day's work of "breaking in" was on the Columbus avenue line, and when night came I felt like throwing up my job. I rode about ninety miles that day, standing on my feet every inch of the way—and part of the time somebody else standing on them.

I used to dread the trip from New York to Philadelphia in the parlor car of a fast train, but this dread has vanished since covering the same distance under such different circumstances on the rear end of a cable car.

AN ELDERLY KICKER.

The actual experiences of the amateur conductor began when he was promoted to a "tripper," which was on the fifth day. The breaking-in process consisted principally of watching my coach, reading my book of instructions and picking up general information. The last two days I jerked the bell strap and collected fares without aid.

A "tripper" is a conductor who works occasional trips without regular assignments. I was obliged to report at 7 o'clock each morning for roll call. Those who reported on time were at the head of the list of "trippers," and those who were tardy were placed at the foot. When "trippers" were needed the men were assigned in order beginning at the top of the list.

My first run in charge of a car was when I took out No. 149 last Tuesday morning for the Columbus avenue run. That was a memorable day. It seemed that all the cranks and kickers intending to take a cable car waited until my car came along.

I do not wonder any longer why Providence does not allow certain people to get rich. Some passengers rode with me who, if they had carriages of their own, would insist on having Central Park set apart for their private use.

An elderly gentleman remonstrated because a man sitting near him had been smoking cigarettes before he entered the car. I explained to the elderly man that as the passenger was not smoking at the time he was violating none of the rules, and his personal liberty could not be interfered with. To this the philosophic elderly man replied with a grunt:

"Well, the company shouldn't allow any one to ride in the cable cars who smokes cigarettes, no matter if they smoke them in Brooklyn."

A GROCERY CATASTROPHE.

In going around that hair-lifting curve at Fifty-third street and Ninth avenue, I neglected to call out, "Hold fast!" The car was filled with passengers, many of them shoppers, who are the most trying class of people the conductors have to contend with, and the aisle was crowded with people hanging to straps.

An old German woman had a large and well filled market basket, and when the passengers were thrown together on the curve and were well mixed the old woman dropped her basket. It fell into the lap of a young woman wearing a sealskin coat and a woollen knitted sweater. The basket turned over and the young woman's lap was suddenly decorated with links of sausages, a cabbage, packages of sugar and butter and a large piece of plug tobacco.

It was an embarrassing moment for the new conductor. Many of the passengers laughed and the old German woman joined in the merriment. While I was picking up the groceries and replacing them in the basket the young woman in the sealskin coat said things which it would not do to print.

It took me a minute or two to replace the packages, and when I returned to the rear platform three women gave me a violent tongue-lashing because I had run past Eighth avenue, where they wished to get out.

Late in the afternoon a stout woman imperatively inquired: "Why don't you make one of these men get up and give me a seat? You are no kind of a conductor." Several men who were seated heard this modest demand, but they did not offer their seat.

That day I made three trips, turning in my money at Fiftieth street and Seventh avenue after each trip, and earning $1.20, which I considered was well earned.

WOULDN'T HAND OVER HIS FARE.

The next day I encountered a crank of the pig-headed species. The car was only partly filled, and when I came to collect his fare he snorted "There it is on the seat."

I made no effort to pick up the nickel, and finally, as he did not hand it to me, I asked him to do so.

"Not on yer life, young feller. If yer wants it pick it up." I concluded not to pick it up and was wondering how to get out of the difficulty when one of the inspectors who patrol the lines jumped aboard. He was a very practical fellow, for when the situation was explained to him he simply picked up the nickel and handed it to me.

A woman whispered to a friend as I was passing: "Wasn't that conductor mean, Maude, to make so much fuss over that gent's fare?"

A woman insisted on having a transfer at Thirty-eighth street, and became indignant when I mildly told her the only transfer she could get at that point was one that would take her to the street. It took five minutes to convince her that there was no cross-town line at Thirty-eighth street.

You wouldn't think a woman would offer a conductor a $5 bill when she had smaller bills besides silver in her pocket-book, but there are women who do this every day, and some of them even designate the kind of small change they prefer.

One day a woman gave me a $5 bill, and said: "Young man, give me a two dollar bill, two ones, and no pennies in change."

After four days I resigned my position with no regrets. The result of my experience impressed me with the fact that the company uses its men well and is anxious to do all it reasonably can for the comfort of its patrons.